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One for breakfast, for bridal gifts one,—  
Like the Genii's palace these *salons* shone!  
It was estimated the two alone  
Had cost as many millions.

The breakfast-room walls were overlaid  
With flutings of rose-colored silk brocade,  
While slender pillars, of ivory made,  
Gleamed here and there between them.  
The crystal roof transmitted a light,  
Like a dawning blush on a bosom white,  
Down to a table surprisingly bright  
With spoons and dishes and cups—such a sight,  
If the reader could only have seen them!

The floor was a very pretty affair;  
No tapestry carpet or mats were there,  
But ivory tiles about eight inches square,  
With ebony ones were imbedded.  
But the room for the bridal gifts! that was the  
place  
For glitter and gorgeousness, splendor and space,  
Where a table, draped with white satin and lace,  
Gave plenty of room for the whole Brown race  
And their fortunate friends, to sublimely grace  
The board of the soon-to-be wedded.

Breakfast-sets, dinner-sets, tea-sets of gold—  
Sweet little finned fixings to hold  
Mustard, eggs, salt, sauce, hot and cold—  
Bohemian crystals with prices untold—  
Porcelain modern and porcelain old—  
A tea-kettle, also, of pure, solid gold,  
For making tea in the kitchen!  
Ruby-sets, diamond-sets, pearls in great strings,  
Ear-bobs and necklaces, broaches and rings,  
Jewels, the brightest the orient brings,  
Baskets, and trinkets, and exquisite things,  
To entangle the souls of the rich in.

Now MAUD had no "uncle" to send her a blank  
Envelope, containing a "million of francs,"  
So her father just drew her a check on the bank  
That was good for a million of dollars;  
And just where this check, *a la Rothschild*, was  
laid,  
A sixpenny primer was also displayed,  
The gift of a neat little street-sweeping maid,  
Who was taught by this lady in gems and brocade,  
That industry, love, and humility, made  
The best traits in a Sunday-school scholar!

## PART III.

The sun arose with a lambent flame  
On the day in which MAUD expected to claim  
The honors awarded a VERE DE VERE dame,  
Resigning forever the family name,  
Which couldn't, she thought, pass muster.  
With her maids around she sat in her chair  
While they fastened her curls of glorious hair  
With the veil which a woman but once may wear;  
(Three thousand dollars this cost, I declare!)  
And fastened the pearls round a throat more fair  
Than their most translucent lustre.

When all was perfect from top to toe,  
Her forehead decked with its wreath of snow,  
She rose and gazed in her mirror—a glow  
Of pleasure flushed her faintly.  
So young, so pure, so brilliant, so warm,  
The bridal lace floating about her form,  
What thoughts in her innocent bosom swarm,  
Half womanly and half saintly?

A poet upon this point might dwell,  
(Point lace, I mean, which round her fell)  
Sounding the depths of a soul whose swell  
Betrayed gems of the purest water.  
The admiring bridesmaids, standing near,  
Heard her low murmur of "VERE DE VERE,"  
Ah! a child like this must be so dear  
(At least a hundred thousand a year)  
Whether as wife or as daughter.

Bouquet, handkerchief, book of prayer,  
Bridesmaids; all right! a creature more fair  
Never went fluttering down a stair  
To meet a bridegroom awaiting her there,  
With cadaverous face and carrot hair,  
And a name so full of gentility.  
A buzz, a pushing, a gentle strife  
Mid the guests with curiosity rife.  
And SUTHERLAND has taken MAUD for a wife  
And MAUD is SUTHERLAND'S own for life—  
A pair from the tree of nobility.

This tale is told with a heavy heart;  
But Fate is forever hurling her dart,  
Inflicting at random a fatal smart,  
And her arrow fell at this very part  
Of this lavish, luxurious proceeding.  
A writing or two there was to sign,  
The bridegroom had flourished across a line,  
And MAUD, with a smile, like herself, divine,  
Took up the pen in her fingers fine  
And—fell back pale and bleeding!

With a single shriek, all wild and shrill,  
Which sent through the listeners a painful thrill,  
The red blood gushed from her lips at will,  
Her bridal finery dyeing.  
Over her bosom so daintily white,  
Changing her pearls into rubies bright,  
It flowed, regardless of laces which might  
Have "ransomed a princess"—her figure slight  
In her father's arms was lying.

Never, thereafter, she moved or spoke,  
From that trance of death she never awoke—  
Sudden and stern was the blow that broke  
The golden bowl of existence:  
That golden bowl was too fine for aught  
But the wine of pleasure for which it was wrought,  
And when it was stricken it fell, nor sought  
To make a wooden resistance.

Life, for MAUD, had possessed one aim—  
She had sighed for a sounding, patrician name—  
Had married to gain it—and there, like a flame,  
Burned the truth on the paper, when, signing the  
same,  
She found she had married a man by the name,  
The terrible name of *Wiggins*!

Yes! Sutherland Wiggins! That F. F. V.,  
Had heard of the heiress' wish to be  
A little less Brown than that busy old B.  
Who wrought in the Wall-st. "diggin's."

And rightly supposing his own proper name  
Would be mitted, he played out a high-handed  
game  
Which ended in hand-cuffs,—but was he to blame?  
There are many, be sure, who would venture the  
same,  
Were they, like this S. Wiggins, tempted.  
"What's in a name?" like great Shakespeare he  
said—  
"When once I am safe to this rich heiress wed  
She'll forgive the deceit from the motive which  
led."  
But the shock was too great, and the victim is  
dead.  
"Mrs. Wiggins" will never be spoken or read—  
She, at least, from *that* wo is exempted.  
A tomb is the beautiful MAUD's bridal bed—  
And to the Tombs also *his* body was sped,  
(From whence may it never be emptied)  
Who this traitorous trickery attempted.

## LAILOOM.

WHAT didst thou say, Lailoom?  
Speak again, quick!  
My soul is filled with gloom,  
My heart beats thick.  
The pale moon doth illume  
The roses in their bloom  
While I await my doom  
From that slow, sweet mouth, Lailoom.

Up from the South, Lailoom,  
Comes like thy breath,  
Parching with drouth the bloom,  
Bringing sweet death.  
Blowing the dew away,  
The wind so soft and gay—  
What does thy warm breath say  
That o'er my cheek doth play, Lailoom?

In thy dark hair, Lailoom,  
The fire-flies light;  
Like rubies they illumine  
Its fragrant night.  
Let them not lower shine,  
Lest those soft eyes of thine  
Slay them with light divine—  
What say those eyes to mine, Lailoom?

Thou bendest low, Lailoom,—  
Wilt thou not speak?  
I am wild with woe and gloom—  
I feel thy cheek!  
Thy hand on mine dost rest—  
I feel thy glowing breast—  
Thy lips to mine are pressed—  
Sweet, silent speech is best, Lailoom.